

Look out for Important New Features Next Week.

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

No. 1745 (New Series No. 23).

Saturday, 14th April, 1923.

TWOPENCE.



SPRING CLEANING!

Yes, dear, Spring cleaning is a nasty job. We are going through the hoop at the Sloperies now. Poor Pa is doing the front parlour, and would stand on the old family couch, that has seen some canoodling in its time. Of course, the springs refused to stand the weight, and shot out through the upholstery just as the Tax Collector called. Well, he collected the contents of the whitewash bucket, if nothing else. So I suppose there is more trouble ahead!—TOOTSIE.

IF you want
the best Tea
buy from the firm
that grows it

LIPTON'S TEA

LIPTON'S
TEA PLANTERS, CEYLON
The Largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers
and Retailers of Food Products in the World
Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1
Branches and Agencies throughout the U.K.
LIPTON, LTD.



When blackleading use
ZEBO

Speed!

It is not necessary to increase the maximum speed of a tramcar in order to reduce the running time for a particular journey. The important factor is the duration of stops, whether for passengers or at traffic junctions. Steps have been, and are still being, taken to reduce the latter cause of delay by re-arranging stopping points and thus assisting freer movement for all vehicles. That is a matter requiring special knowledge of traffic conditions at various points, and the best results can sometimes be obtained only after experiment.

The public can assist by being ready to alight as soon as the car stops, and boarding on the left of the handrail for the lower deck and the right for the upper saloon.

Each second is of vital importance on a system such as London's Tramways, where the service given is the best in the World, from the point of view of frequency and speed. New high-powered cars, capable of more rapid acceleration, are also helping to solve the problem of increasing the capacity of the tramways without increasing the number of vehicles.

A Tramways Map and Guide, obtainable from any Tramways Inspector, or from the address below, will be of assistance in selecting Routes.

L.C.C. TRAMS

23, Belvedere Road, S.E.1



*This is the polish
for you.*

Of course you may think I'm prejudiced, but just let me polish any piece of metal work in the house, and see how quickly and easily I do it—and what a shine!



Miss Brasso

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL & LONDON.

Makers of Zebra Grate Polishes, etc.



What have you
nice for tea
to-day, mother?

It's sure to be something nice, because mother always uses Borwick's Baking Powder which makes such delicious, light and digestible cakes, pasties, scones, tea rolls, &c. When I grow up I shall do as mother does—always use

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

EAT MORE HONEY

Importers and
Packers of World
HONEY

SOLD BY ALL
LEADING GROCERS
AND STORES.

BUT SEE THAT IT IS **FINEST HONEY**
LEONARD HALL & CO.

Please mention this paper when replying to advertisements.

READ THE
TWISTED WOMAN
ON PAGE SIX.

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

READ THE
RESURRECTIONISTS
ON PAGE TWELVE.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

Forwarded to any part of the World, post free: 3 months, 3s.; 6 months, 6s.; 12 months (including all Special Numbers), 12s. In stamps or P.O.O.'s to THE PROPRIETORS, "THE SLOPERIES," BOSWELL HOUSE, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Show Cards and Contents Bills will be sent post free to Newsagents on application. Reading Cases, free of charge, to Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, must enclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Under no other conditions will attention be given to work sent in on approval. Do not enclose loose stamps.

FAREWELL TO PHYLLIS.

"Large feet in a woman are now considered more beautiful than small ones."—Daily Paper.

Good-bye to the girls with diminutive feet
And ankles of pipe-stem proportions!
They once were adored as they minced down the street,

But now they're considered abortions!
The "fairy-like" tread is no longer admired,
The "peeping-mice" stunt is "napoo."
A change in foot-fashions has lately transpired—
To the war it is said to be due.

If sweet Cinderella had lived till to-day
Her feet would have been her misfortune!
No prince would have cared to go out his way
Her fluttering heart to importune;
But one of her virago sisters instead
To his Rolls-Royce the Prince would be handing,
The natural outcome of losing his head
To a maiden of broad understanding!

The foregoing verses, dear Phyllis, I write,
To explain why, in view of the fashion,
I find I'm unable to meet you to-night,
Or upon any future occasion;
Your feet are too small, and though painful to say
(For I'm sure you will think me a beast),
I fell deeply in love with a girl yesterday,
Who wears size Number Nine at the least!
W. M.

HANGING TIME AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

First Critic: What do you think of this portrait?
Second Critic: It looks as though it was taken from life.
First Critic: I think the sitter wishes that the artist was.

A FAIR OFFER.



FOND PARENT: My boy, this hurts me much more than it hurts you.
THE VICTIM: Then let's change places for a bit, father. Perhaps I could bear it better.



MODEST MARY,
Featuring in "Down on the Farm."
(A long way from being released.)

THE MUMBLINGS OF MRS. MALAPROP-BROWNE.

ACCORDION to what the papers ses, Dam Fashing is at it agin. We are to 'ave long skirts and wide-brimmed 'ats. And very nice too—and not before they are needled neether.

Parties like meself, what are built on generous lions—a bit broad in the bean, as you may say—have had to put up with riticule long enough.

I have never been so irrigated in my life before as since I obeyed fashing's be'est, as they calls it, and took to the short skirt.

Well, I'm not exackly a skelinton, as you may see. But flesh ain't as yet a crime on the Newgit culinder, I believe; and a party like me, wot must confess to a eighteen-inch carve, deserves more symphony then censor.

The giggle of young gals was wot I got, and the rude remarks of parsing bust conductors.

I put up with it as long as I could, givin' back as good as I took, I 'opes; but at larst it got a little bit too thick.

The limpet of my durance was reechd. I sent for my dress-maker—for I couldn't face the streets no longer.

"Let me down," I ses.

"Oh, moddom, not too much, I 'ope!" she cries in 'er French fashing.

"Down to me rankles," I ses. "No 'arf meshes for me! If there ain't enough material to do it, make me a noo frog. The extry it may cost I can save in stockin's, seein' as they won't be seen."

That's how I come to go back to the old stile. We are only humid after all.

And now I hears as my sample is a goin' to be followed by the upper ten!

M.

Sloper Songlets.

By "THE BARD."

PA. MAKES A GRAMOPHONE RECORD.

Poor Pa's got a gramophone on the brain—
He'll drive us all mad.
He bought a machine down in Petticoat Lane—
Atrociously bad;
And he'll play
All the day
The most horrible tunes in a terrible way.

Scriabin, Stravinsky, and all of that school
He'll put on at night,
And when you have dropped off to sleep soundly
you'll

Wake up in a fright,
You'll be dazed
And amazed

At the terrible stuff the critica have praised.

Now, Pa. with his eye firmly fixed upon pelf,
As it always has been,
Is about to record a new disc for himself
On the talking machine.
And his fee,
Don't you see?

He believes twice as great as Caruso's will be.

He says he will take a Shakespearian part,
And will boldly recite
The immortal soliloquy straight from the heart
In Hamlet all right
On the day
Pa was gay
And he dressed himself up in dramatic array.

As Hamlet he marched through each street and each lane.
With a crowd at his tail,
In tights and black robes like the great Royal Dane—

Bar his nose he was pale.
When he got
To the spot

Where he had to recite, all his words he forgot.

"To be—er—to be—er—or not—er—to be."

'Twas all that he said.

"Go on," we all shouted and prompted, but he
In the speech had stuck dead.
With a roar
To the floor

He sank down, and he'll never recite any more.



"I was 'avin' a doze in the grave before goin' 'ome; and w'en I woke up and 'eard that young couple a-canoodlin' close by, I pops me 'ead up and ses: 'I use ter do that w'en I was alive!' You should 'ave seen they run!"

Hello! Hello!--'Ullo!!

TOOTSIE



NO, thank you, Exchange, I don't want Trunk—no, thank you, nor "Inquiry" either. No, I just want the number I ask for, if you could be kind enough to let me have it!

What was the number? Oh, I've told you three times, haven't I?... What did you say? Cut off?... No, I don't think I could have been cut off, because I've never been put on! What did you say? Been talking to them? Talking to whom?... To Messrs. Pike and Cod, the Fishmongers?... Oh! I hope I haven't been talking to them, when it's my friend, Miss Lardi Longsox, who I'm wanting, and—oh! that is you, is it, Lardi? I'm so glad, dear, that you aren't the fish shop!—no, no; I didn't mean that there was anything fishy about you. I only meant that our ever-resourceful Exchange wanted to put me on to the fish shop instead of on to you!

It made me crab-ed, and I tried to put them in their place because they are people without any sole, and—oh, yes, dear, I am making jokes; not "trying to make them!"

I never try to do anything—I always bally well do it! And that's that!—and being that, it's nothing else! Voila!—if you know what that means (though I expect you don't!).

What have I rung you up about? Well, I am so given to laughing at other people, that sometimes I think it good for my moral nature to laugh at myself. So I'm going to tell you a little story all about myself—(yes, it's quite right, dearie, I do love talking about myself! And do you know why? Well, it's because I always find myself so much more interesting than other people! And once again that's that!).

Now, the other evening Bob and I were having a discussion, and I was saying that nothing in the world was really interesting unless it was in some way connected with a woman.

"You're wrong, darling," cried Bob, in that opinionated I-am-always-right tone of his. "Women are wonderfully interesting-creatures, I admit; but it's quite possible for a book, play, law-suit, or anything else to be quite thrilling without the feminine interest."

"What absurd nonsense!" I contradicted in my most pugilistic tone. "There isn't a book or play or law-case that wouldn't bore the public to death if there wasn't a woman in it!"

After that we went on quarrelling gently until Bob put matters right by buying me three pounds of chocolates (the most expensive sort, you know—nothing earthy or cocoan-like for Tootsie!), an enor-

mous bottle of eau-de-Cologne, six pairs of silk stockings (nothing spun or artificial, dearie!), three pairs of gloves (oh, beyond the elbow—almost up to the shoulder!), and two boxes of that new French face powder, perfumed with Tangerine oranges and rhubarb.

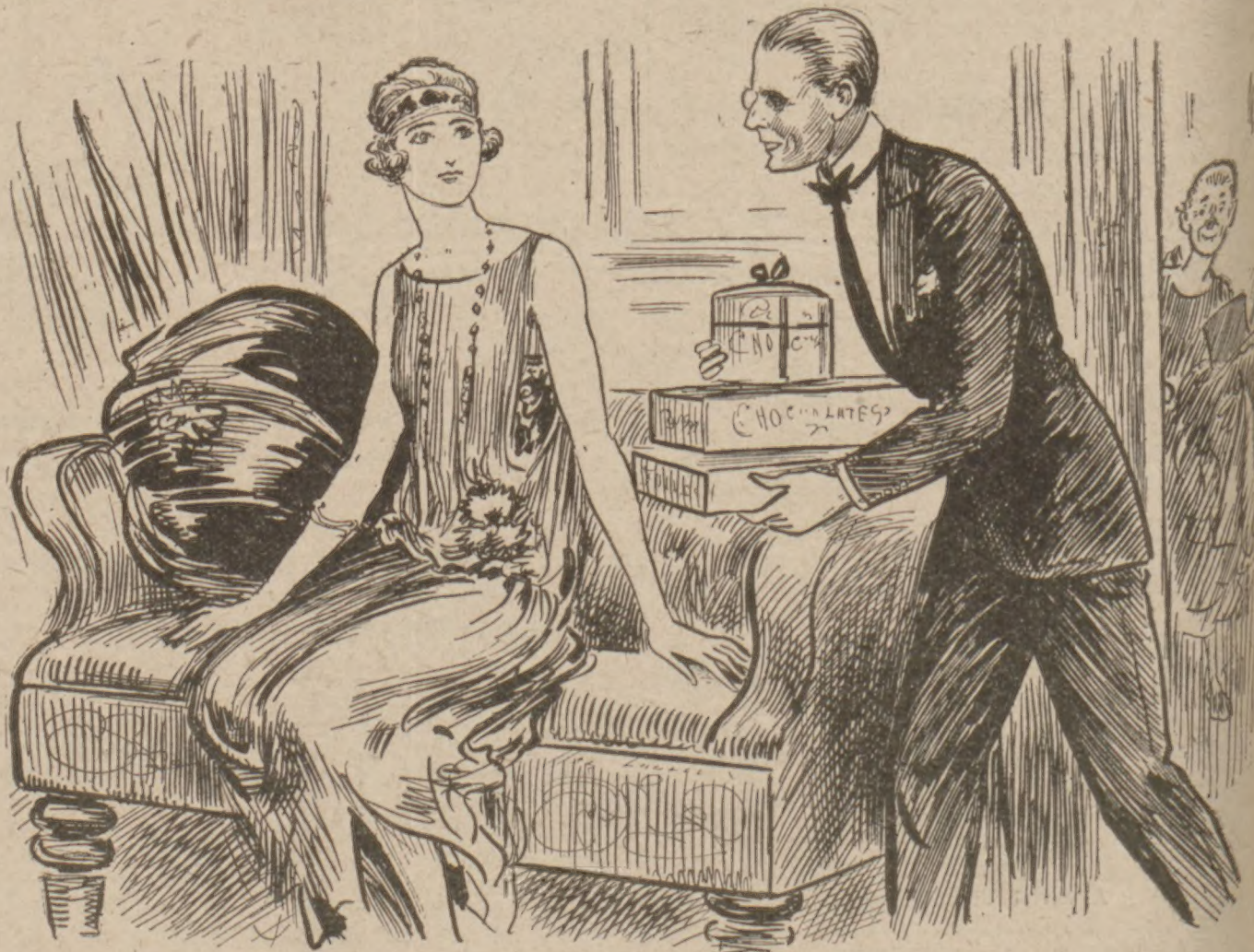
And, added to these little peace-offerings, he took me to a slap-up dinner, followed by two stalls in the front row at the Strand Theatre.

As you may know (you always know such a lot, darling!), the play there is called "Treasure Island," and it is adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's book.

Well, although I pretend I know all about everything that R. L. S. ever wrote, I haven't ever read a single word! (Ignorant? Yes, I know. But that doesn't matter, because the ignorant girls often "get off" while the learned ones—like you, pet—still hang on a tree looking over-ripe!)

All the same, although I didn't know much about the story before I got there, I may say that I never enjoyed any play more than I did that one.

I loved the pirates; I adored dear Arthur Bouchier with one leg; I felt absolutely cold when dear little "Jim" hid in the cupboard and nearly got found by the pirates, who were going to kill him—in fact, all the way through the dazzling and daring and deadly and dangerous adventures of "Jim" caused me to feel so breathlessly excited that I gripped Bob's hand and ran my nails into it until it almost bled. If I hadn't done that I must have screamed and yelled!



"... Bob put matters right by buying me three pounds of chocolates..."

"Oh! it was a glorious play!"

"Did you like it, darling?" asked Bob.

"I revelled in it!" was my reply.

Bob sniggered.

"Fancy that, pet, when there wasn't any love or feminine interest in it from beginning to end!!!"

And that finished me! For, nothing makes me so furious—so actually ill, in fact—as to be shown that I am wrong!

I refused to speak to Bob again—refused to let him take me home, and got into a taxi, so as to go off on my own.

But where was I going? The taxi-driver asked me, and the first address that came into my mind was Maudie Siffett's flat.

So there I was taken, and when I reached the front door, it was to meet Maudie coming out.

"You dear thing to come!" she cried. "I was only going out for an hour, so just make yourself comfy until I come back, and then we'll have a fine old pi-jaw! There's drink in the cupboard and dope in the drawer, so you can just get yourself into any old condition you like! So long!"

And off she went, leaving me to walk into my flat, shut the door, and then take whatever form of vice seemed the most consoling.

And in such a temper was I that I felt I would like to do anything to make myself numb to the state of my own feelings!

Drink!—well, a few brandies-and-sodas would be all right, but it was the stuff in the drawer which would help me to forget that I had been wronged and Bob had been right.

Which drawer?—What drawer? Well, there were only a pair of—er—I mean, two drawers in the room, and those were in the shabby little chest of board. So I opened the drawer nearest to me and immediately found a short, fat bottle filled with a deadly-looking white powder!

Should I swallow or sniff? I would swallow. I would mix a teaspoonful of the dope with cold water—and swallow!

I did so—and, oh, the wonderful dreams!

Whether this was cocaine, heroin, veronal, or morphia, I don't know; but whichever it was the effect was gorgeous!!!

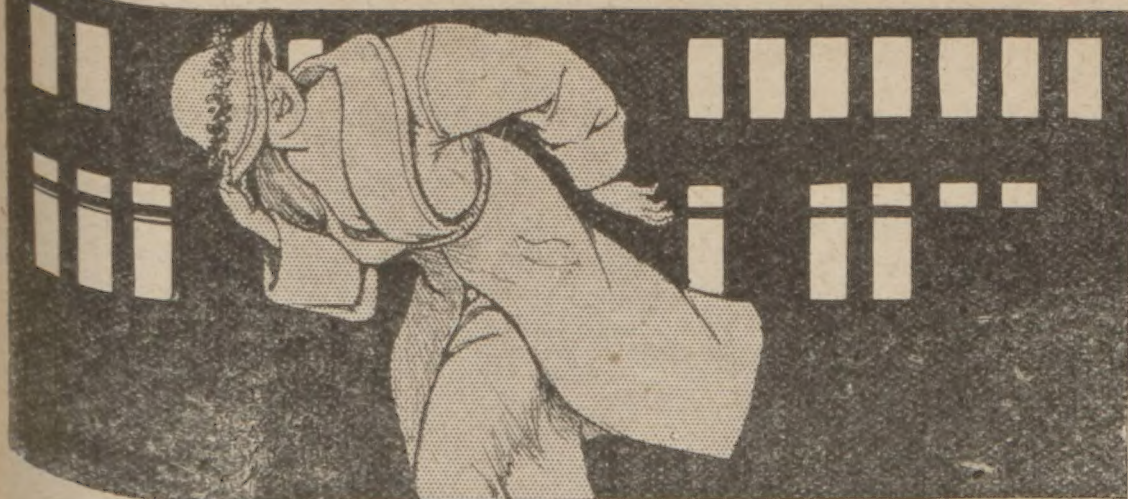
I was living in a world where everyone loved me—where no one ever found out where I was wrong—where I was smarter than every other girl—where everyone made me presents—where I never paid for anything—in fact, where everything was exactly as I should always want it to be!

"For the rest of my life I mean to be a dreamer!" This was the decision I was dreamily making to myself, when the door opened and Maudie came in.

"Hullo, old dear!" she cried. "Been amusing yourself all right? Goodness gracious!"—this she caught sight of the fat bottle of white powder lying in front of me—"what have you been doing with that?"

"I have been taking it—as you told me!"

"Told you to take bi-carbonate! Heavens above, my dear, if you have been taking that your little tummy will soon know the biggest pain of your young life! Ha, ha, ha!!!"



THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.



SHE: What! Kiss me in broad daylight?
HE: Nobody will know. I've got my mask on!



HE: You've never seen "She Stoops to Conquer"? You surprise me.
SHE: Give me an idea how it goes.



"A letter does not blush" (Old Proverb).



Horace F. Paine

Bertie finds that to be engaged is to be encaged.

THE TWISTED WOMAN.

FROM THE FURTHER "MEMOIRS OF STIRNOT HOMES," BY DR. WHATSON.
IV.—THE CASE OF THE TWISTED WOMAN.

IT was the evening of one of those December days which so often occur in April. Although no later than six o'clock, the pall of night had already fallen on Baker Street, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, by the aid of a glimmer of a feeble fire and an occasional match, that I could work out my losses on the day's racing. Seated in his decrepid armchair on the opposite side of the fireplace, my celebrated friend and flat-mate added to the gloom of our gloomy apartment, with the clouds of shag tobacco smoke which issued from between his drawn and narrow lips.

Up to within the past few moments he had been extracting a painful and mournful air from his old violin, when, to my unutterable relief, the E string broke with a suddenness that made us both jump, and each coughed to disguise our nervous spasm.

"Well," drawled the great detective, "something will have to be done. Were we ordinary people instead of leading lights of our respective professions—don't blush, Watson; I know your modest nature—we might join the queue round at the Labour Exchange; but such a course is, in the circumstances, out of the question. They would ask you, for example, when you worked last, and where. Let me see, when was it you killed your last patient?"

"If you are going to raise questions of that kind," I retorted, "it would be of interest to know when you solved your last problem."

"My dear fellow," replied Homes, nonchalantly, "unless my patron, Donan Coyle, puts these little things in my way, what am I to do? Certainly,

of his garments, and the room was again flooded with light, there came a timid tap at the door. Both Homes and myself rose to our feet, and with one voice cried: "Come in!"

The door opened and disclosed a female form, quietly but tastefully attired, a pale and beautiful face standing out with startling distinctness in the vivid glare of our five candle-power incandescent. Her hands were clasped together; her deep violet eyes turned swiftly from Homes to me, from me to Homes, and then to me again.

"Does Mr. Stirnot Homes reside here?" she asked.

"Yes," we replied simultaneously.

"Thank heaven!" she cried; and advancing with outstretched hands in my direction, she said sobbingly, "Oh, Mr. Homes! I know you are Mr. Homes. You look so clever," and before I could stay her, her little hands were on my shoulders, and her flower-like face (she appeared to have applied the puff before knocking) was gazing up into mine.

"Ahem!" ejaculated my incomparable friend. "Brains and beauty do not always go together. I am Stirnot Homes. The person whose physical charms you appear to admire is merely my friend, Dr. Watson. Shut the door, Watson, and allow the lady to take your chair."

Packing away in my memory this pleasing incident for future use, should occasion arise, I carried out Homes' instructions, and seated myself on an up-turned waste-paper basket.

"Now, miss," began Homes, "to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"Oh, Mr. Homes, I am in such trouble."

"Ah!" said Homes. "You have a mother?"

The girl opened her eyes widely with surprise.

"How could you know?" she gasped.

"I had one myself," responded Homes, "a fact which creates a certain sympathy between us."

"But how could you know?" asked the girl, "that it was concerning her that I called upon you?"

"I didn't; but I do now. I trust she is well?"

"Apparently, during the day, she is in the best of health; but sometimes, at night, she terrifies me."

"Suppose you tell your story without interruption on my part," said Homes, encouragingly. "I can question you subsequently on any point that may not seem quite clear."

The girl gazed fixedly at what remained of our fire for a few moments while Homes made significant gestures first at me and then at the coal scuttle.

"Na pooh!" I motioned with my lips, remembering that less than an hour before I had sacrificed the last shovel of coal dust.

Then the girl spoke. "It commenced about a month ago," she said reminiscently, with a slight shudder. "A stranger had called that morning, and had asked to see mother. I showed him into the sitting-room, where mother went to him, and remained for at least half an hour, during which time I heard a continuous hum of conversation, and occasionally heavy and irregular thuds on the floor. I am not naturally inquisitive, but I must admit that I went so far as to try to overhear their conversation—but in this I was frustrated by the sudden opening of the sitting-room door and the departure of the strange visitor. I love my mother very

dearly, but at times she is a little difficult. It was one of those occasions, and I refrained from questioning her. The next afternoon another stranger called. He carried under his arm a large flat package wrapped in brown paper. He asked for mother, who saw him as she did the day before, in the sitting-room, alone. There was a murmur of conversation and strange thudding noises, at irregular intervals, upon the floor; and once more, overcome with curiosity, which amounted to anxiety, I endeavoured to obtain some clue of the mystery, but was once more foiled. That night I had the first of a series of terrifying experiences."

"One moment, miss—er—let me see, what is your name?"

"Cardew—Violet Cardew."

"And where do you reside, Miss Cardew?"

"At forty-five, Weedon Street, Brixton."

"You say your first visitor was an agreeable young man?"

"Yes, Mr. Homes."

"Had he any distinguishing mark about him, any disfigurement, such as a moustache or tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, or had he one leg longer than the other?"

"Not to my knowledge, Mr. Homes."

"Did you examine his teeth or take his temperature?"

The young girl blushed furiously as Homes fired this volley of questions at her pretty head.

"I—I scarcely noticed him," she said.

"And," pursued Homes, "your second visitor had he by any chance a squint, and turned his left foot in when walking?"

"Beyond what I have already told you, Mr. Homes, I can say nothing. I was in his company so few minutes."

"Ah!" said Homes, bringing the tips of his like fingers together, "that will do for the present. Proceed with your narrative."

"There is not much more to tell, Mr. Homes, must first explain that my mother's bedroom and my own are at the opposite ends of a long corridor which is lighted by a window looking out upon the garden. Late one night, shortly after the first mysterious visits I have told you of, I was awakened by a strange sound which suggested to me nothing so much as a step and a shuffle. Very frightened, I sprang out of bed and noiselessly opened my door, from which I could see straight through to my mother's, which faced me. The moon was shining brightly, and as I watched, its beams as they crossed the corridor, there emerged the figure of a woman. For a second I did not recognise the agonised face raised toward the light, being that of my mother nor did her figure bear any resemblance to hers. She had one hand pressed upon her hip, the upper part of her body was bent sideways, and she moved through the moonlight in a halting, dragging fashion that suggested the direst agony. I was about to scream, but great was my alarm, when the figure straightened, turned, and moved rapidly and naturally to my mother's room, into which it disappeared. I am naturally extremely nervous, and the shock of what I had seen had so affected me that I dared not leave my room, but turned the light, threw myself on my bed, and after hours of sleepless wakefulness, fell into a deep sleep. Next morning my mother appeared at breakfast as usual; indeed, she seemed even more cheerful than was customary. I was amazed, and hesitated to mention my terrifying experience of the previous night, thinking that perhaps I was the victim of some hallucination."

"Nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of our lives for a week, when we received another visit from the second of the two strangers who had called to see my mother. Again she was closeted with him for half an hour at least, and seemed particularly cheerful when she saw him out. Again I noticed he was carrying a flat, square brown paper-covered package. For some reason, which I can scarcely account, I refrained from questioning her with respect to her visitor, and my mother volunteered no information. That same night the horrible experience I have already described to you was repeated. It indeed was even more terrifying on this occasion; for the look on my mother's face was intensified, and her contortions, as she dragged her twisted body along the corridor, suggested the most fearful torture. Whether wisely or foolishly, I made no mention of the matter next day. Mr. Homes, I feel that this terrible mystery that is hanging over our house will drive me mad. I can conceive of nothing that could

(Continued on page fourteen.)



"And hurried to Baker Street, although so late."

there was that very elementary puzzle of 'The Creeping Man,' which it was really beneath my professional dignity to investigate, but I did it to oblige, though, to be quite candid, I would far sooner have gone in for a football competition."

"It is said that everything comes to the man who waits," I said encouragingly.

"Everything unpleasant," retorted Homes. "It will not do for us to trust to so slender a reed as chance. We must adopt Napoleon's plan—make opportunities. We cannot expect our worthy landlord to allow himself to be so easily gulled as he was on the last occasion. Money we need, and money we must have."

"But in the meantime, as a safeguard against eventualities, I will draw up a deed of gift, making over everything this flat contains to you, and you will draw up a similar document, making over everything the flat contains to me; then, no matter which of us is pinched first, the other will be able to keep the home fires burning. But, hist! Surely that is the squeak of a rubber sole on the stairs? Switch on the light!"

"Push over a bob for the meter," was my reply.

By the time the deductive genius had extracted, like some conjuror, a shilling from some portion

The Head Waiter

AND MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

THE Head Waiter, who had been busy going round the tables to make sure that all the various gadgets were properly placed, before the first customer for luncheon should arrive, suddenly became aware that a lady was standing in the dining-room doorway, evidently suffering indecision as to whether or no she should enter.

The Head Waiter approached her, with the old-fashioned courtesy which distinguishes him, saying: "What is your pleasure, madam?"

"Are women allowed to feed here?" she inquired.

"Why, certainly, madam. Quite a large proportion of our customers are ladies, replied the Head Waiter. "Surely," he continued with a smile, "you must be aware by this time that there are very few places of entertainment nowadays from which ladies are excluded."

Leading his customer to a comfortably-situated table, the Head Waiter proceeded to enlarge upon his theme.

"Why, madam," he said, "I don't suppose there's a single pursuit, whether sporting, artistic, scientific, political, nor even religious, that you won't find women engaged in to-day."

"Yes?" murmured the lady, as though inviting further speech.

"You find them at the big fights; you find them hanging in the Royal Academy; you find them in the House of Commons; and you even find them preaching in the pulpit! Why, even us waiters have to fight hard to keep our jobs. . . . Now, what will you take for lunch, madam?"

"Scotch!" suggested the parrot, who had been listening unobserved on the top of the dining-room door.

The lady looked up into the Head Waiter's face with a flash of indignation in her blue eyes.

"No, ma'am," said the Head Waiter hurriedly, "it wasn't me, ma'am; it was the parrot yonder. She's always interrupting. . . . Shall we say soup, fish, or both?"

Upon the Head Waiter's return with the first item of the luncheon his customer had selected, she said: "Just a moment. You were saying just now that women have the entre everywhere nowadays. Now," she continued sharply, "tell me this: who won them the Parliamentary vote, and, in consequence, membership of the House of Commons?"

The Head Waiter looked alarmed.

"It wasn't me, ma'am," I can assure you," he said.

"It was Christabel Pankhurst, if the truth be told. For years she fought for women's freedom, sacrificing her youth and suffering all things—even imprisonment—and fighting policemen and 'busies' even as St. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus."

"Yes," agreed the Head Waiter, "she was a bit of a one-er, wasn't she?"

"She was women's champion, and although neglected and forgotten to-day, a time will come when she will be numbered amongst the greatest of her race and generation."

"You don't mean to say so," remarked the Head Waiter incredulously. "Why, do you think they'll be putting up monuments and things to her?"

"Every woman who stands up, a Member, on the floor of the House of Commons, is, and always will be, a living monument to Christabel Pankhurst."

"Well, ma'am, I don't think very much of one of the living monuments what stands up there now. It ought to be in Madame Tussaud's, or down Lord George Sanger's wild animal farm in Surrey."

"You must not judge those who are to come by those who are there already. But," continued the lady, "nothing will efface the stain of ingratitude which the women voters of England bear to-day as a consequence of having refused their political support to me and other pioneers of female suffrage when they had the opportunity to reward our unselfish efforts on their behalf."

The Head Waiter staggered backwards a few steps on realising with whom he had been speaking, and hastened to the service bar to obtain at once the full allowance of alcoholic refreshment to which he was entitled.

"What's the matter?" asked the parrot, as he hurried by.

"Oh, shut up!" retorted the Head Waiter irri-

tably; "you will turn out to be something different presently, I expect—the oof Bird, or the Blue Bird, or the Bird of Freedom, or something."

Upon the Head Waiter's return to his customer he remarked. "I see you've taken to preaching now, madam—instead of punching policemen, you're doing a bit of psalm smiting. Not a bad lay that, I should think."

"I feel I have a message to deliver," was the reply.

"Yes," said the Head Waiter; "I noticed one of your texts was: 'Behold! I stand at the door and knock.' I daresay it reminded you of the time when you used to stand outside No. 10 Downing Street and knock with a brick?"

Miss Pankhurst made no reply, but demanded

her bill, and paid—leaving a very narrow margin as an honorarium for the Head Waiter.

Just as she was leaving, the Head Waiter ventured to say, "Excuse me, ma'am, would it be possible for you—seeing as you won them the vote—to educate ladies in the art of tipping waiters on a sufficiently generous scale? Of course, I'm very much obliged for that threepenny bit you left under that crumb; but I 'appen to have got one of them specimens amongst my collection of coins."

But Miss Pankhurst, having replied with a glance of cold disdain, marched from the dining-room in step to the opening bars of "Hitchy Coo," whistled very loudly, but a trifle flat, by the observant parrot, who finished by laughing heartily, either at Miss Pankhurst, the Head Waiter, or her own performance.



"Poor old Carl! I wish I could forget you came from Germany."

THE PROBLEM.

Where the flies go in the winter,
Doesn't trouble me at all,
Though it once intrigued frequenters
Of a certain music-hall.
Quite another disappearance
Causes me acute concern—
Namely, where, whatever the season,
Goes the money that I earn!

Where the flies go in the winter,
Seems to me a small affair;
For such trivial speculation
I've no energy to spare;
The enigma that engages
All my thoughts from day to day,
Is the most mysterious weekly
Evanescence of my pay!

Where the flies go in the winter,
Let less troubled minds inquire;
To track down the lurking "musca"
I have not the least desire;
But if anyone can tell me
I shall be exceedingly glad
Where the change goes after I have
Cashed a "Fisher" or a "Brad."

THE LAD WAS RIGHT.

Teacher: How many bones have you in your body?

Sammy Snivel: Two 'undred and eight, miss.

Teacher: Wrong. The human body has only two hundred and seven.

Sammy: But I swallowed a bloater's bone at breakfast.

MATOLSTICK'S MONNIKER.

Visitor (in Art Gallery): Ah, yes! This large and soulful painting represents nature in the Rockies of America. I suppose that is a huge boa-constrictor running all along the fore-ground.

Attendant: That ain't no booger constrictor, sir. That's the celebrated hartist's signature.

THEN THE ROW BEGAN AGAIN.

Ardent Lover: I want you to recollect, sir, that I'm a gentleman.

Her Brother: All right, my lad, I'll do my best for Clara's sake, and also for the family's; but you are putting my capacity for memory to a frightful test.



Kenneth Brooks

HE: Come to the pictures with me to-night?
 SHE: But I don't know you!
 HE: Quite so. If you did perhaps you wouldn't come.

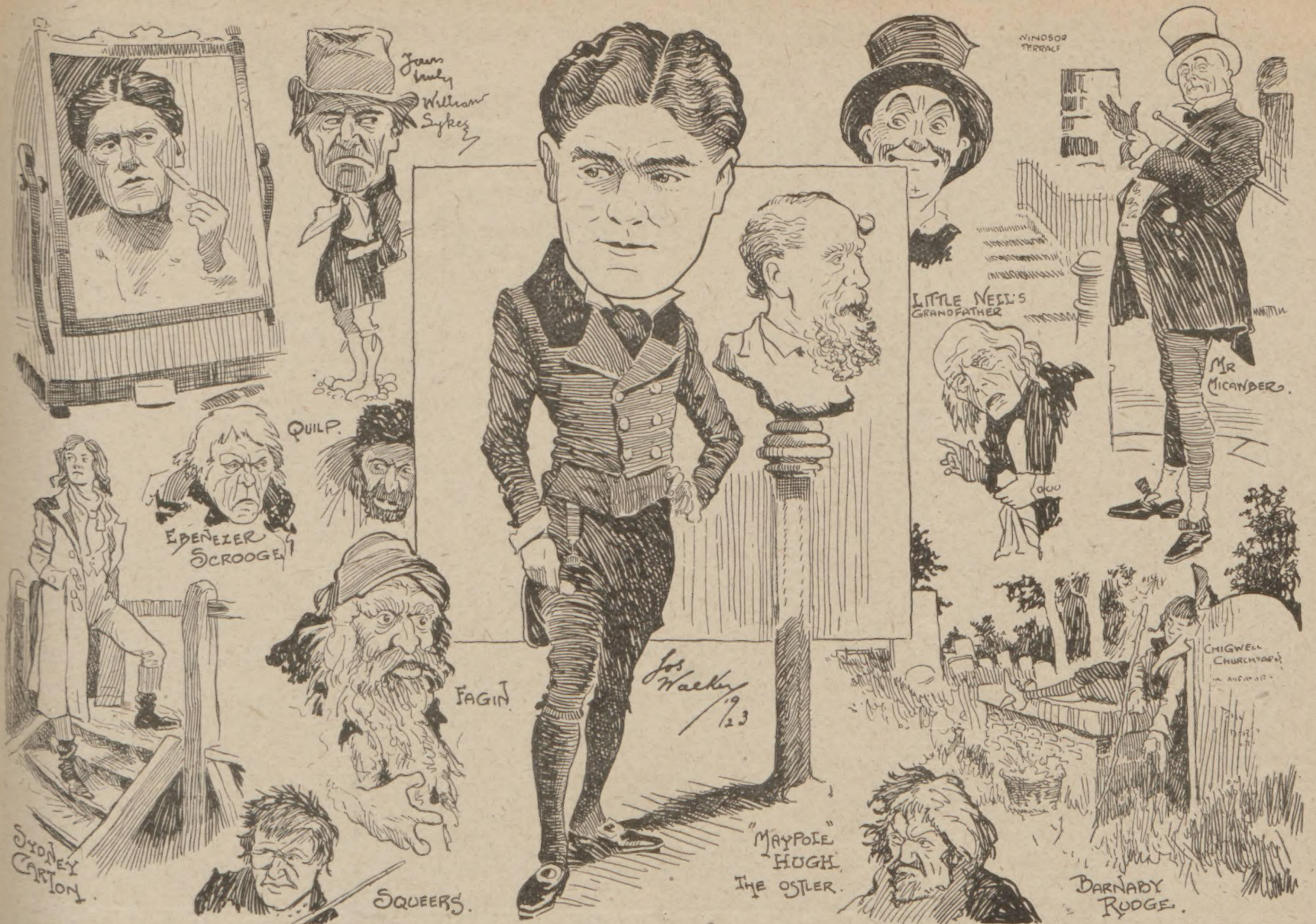


CHAS. CHILCO

DOCTOR: You come round for the medicine at 8 o'clock, Johnny. You're not afraid of the dark, are you?
 JOHNNY: N-no; but I ain't very fond of it.



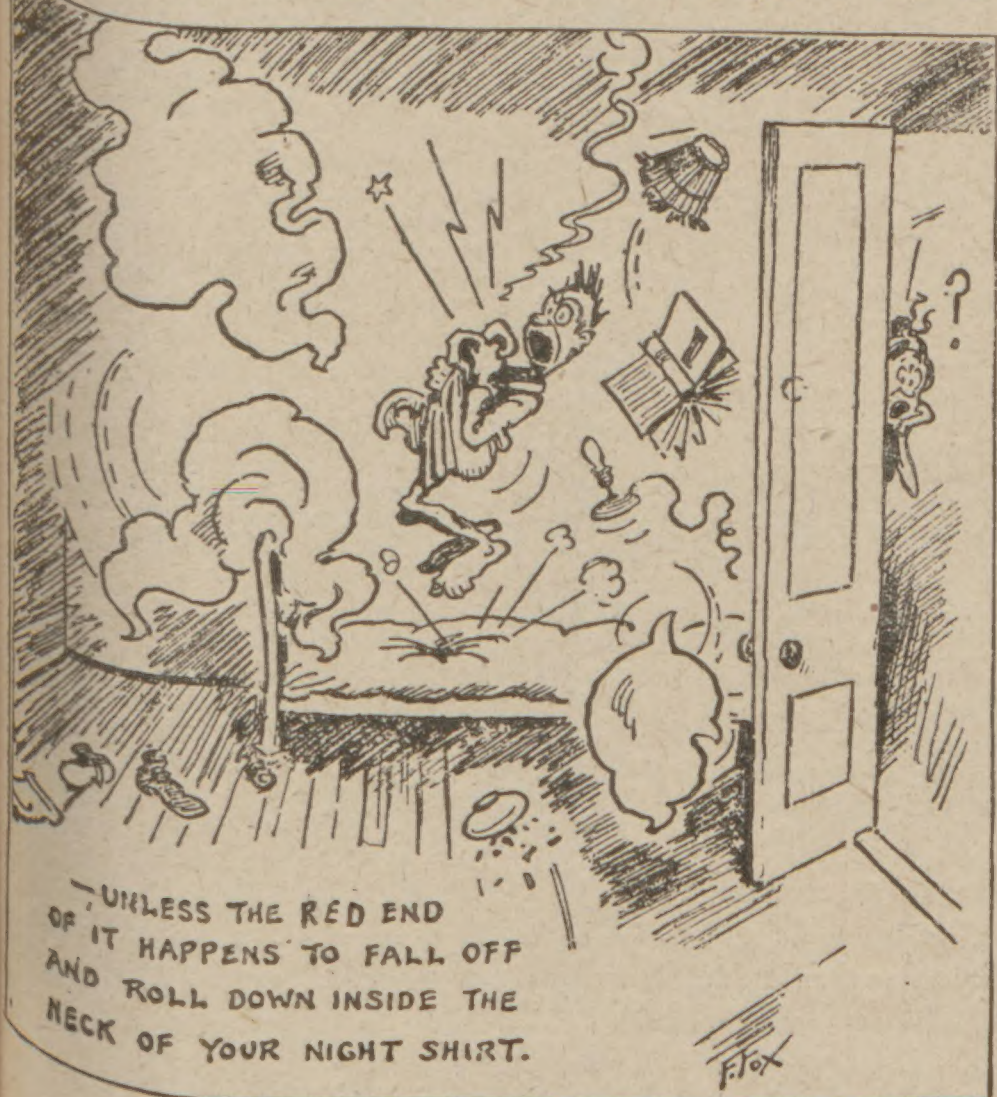
HE: Will you not stop playing, Miss Murgatroyd? Else I must be going. There was something important I wanted to say to you.
 SHE: So the old proverb is true: "Where there is music there can be nothing bad." Good-bye.



HOW GREAT MEN GET THERE.—BRANSBY WILLIAMS.

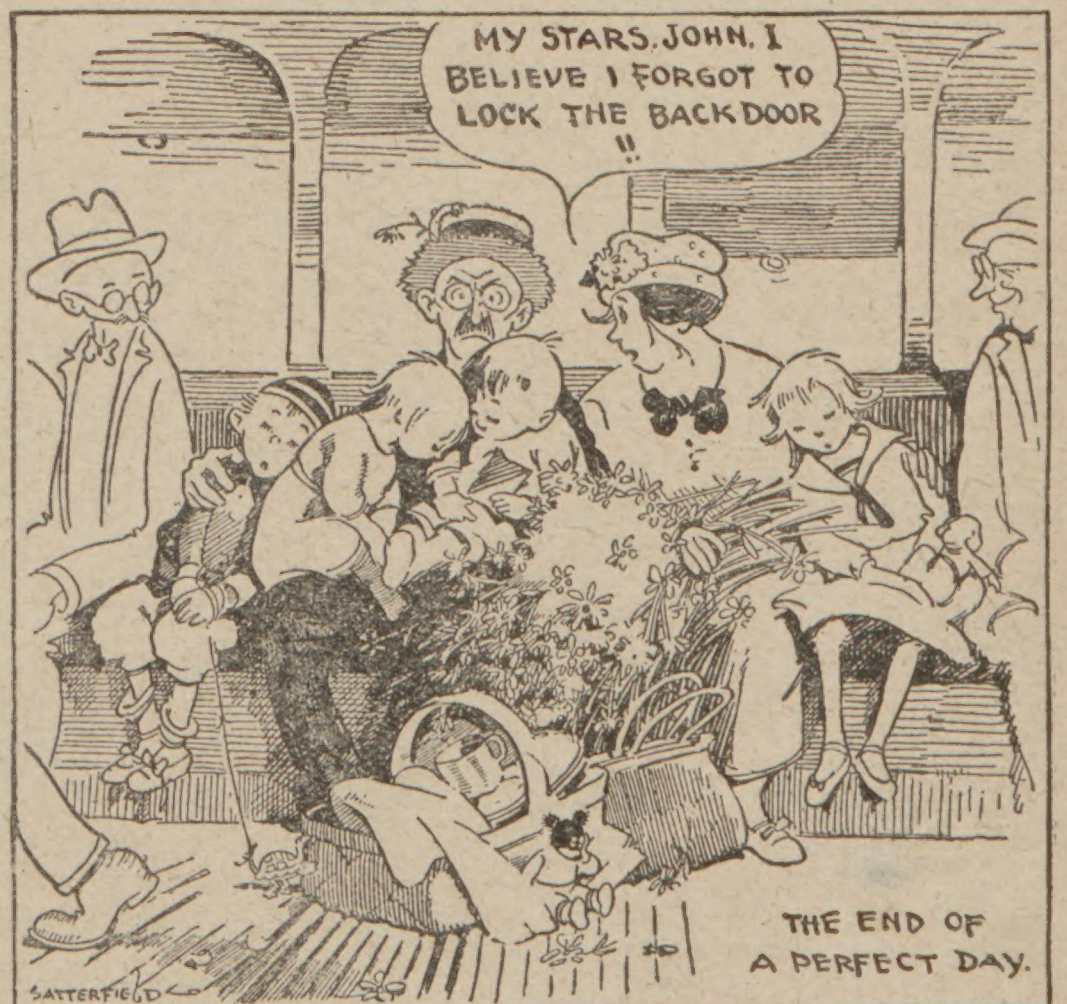
Probably few variety artistes of modern times have a warmer corner in the hearts of the theatre-going public than the unrivalled performer depicted above. Perhaps—apart from the brilliance of his talent, which is more versatile than many of his admirers are aware—the chief secret of his success has been the extent to which he has identified himself with the immortal character created by Charles Dickens. Truly, as that master of laughter and tears bodied forth the children of his combined imagination and observation through the medium of his pen, no less accurately has Bransby Williams displayed them histrionically in his person. If any thing or person were necessary to keep the memory of Dickens green, Bransby Williams and his character impersonations would suffice.

THERE IS NOTHING SO SOOTHING AS A CIGARETTE JUST AT BED TIME.



—UNLESS THE RED END OF IT HAPPENS TO FALL OFF AND ROLL DOWN INSIDE THE NECK OF YOUR NIGHT SHIRT.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY!



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

The holiday season's begun again,
Which give some pleasure, and many pain.



BRAG AND BOUNCE.

"GOOD-EVENING, sonny! How's business with you?"

"Fine, thanks. I'm having quite a boom. You see, with every article I sell I give away a walking-stick. How are you getting on with your business?"

"Oh, simply splendid! I've got a florist's shop, and with every pot of geraniums I sell I give away—the earth!"

"I say, I saw a terrible shipwreck this morning outside the town hall!"

"My dear fellow, you've been out in the sun. Shipwrecks can only happen at sea."

"Oh, well, at any rate, I saw a motor-van run over a poor little dog."

"Is that all? Where does the shipwreck come in?"

"Why, don't you see? It was another bark lost!"

"I want to test you in arithmetic. If I bought twelve hot cross buns for threepence, what would each be?"

"Jolly stale at that price, I should think!"

"While we're at figures, tell me, why do you call your dog by the curious name of 'Thirteen'?"

"For a very good reason. You see, he's a lame dog—puts down three and carries one!"

"Talking of dogs, if a bow-wow were born in an airship while flying, what breed of dog would you call it?"

"Don't know, old sport."

"Why, a 'skye' terrier, of course!"

"Here is one for you. Why is a frisky dog in a jolly mood like the land across the Herring Pond?"

"Give it up."

"Because he's a merry cur!"

"That's good. Here's a doggy one that will give you a twisting. Why is a little dog's tail like the heart of a tree?"

"Dunno!"

"Because it's farthest from the bark!"

"Ha, ha! One more. When do we find a cannibal in England?"

"That's done me properly."

"Why, when a rash man eats a rasher!"

"Talking of cannibals, did I ever tell you of the exciting experience I had some years ago?"

"No; go ahead."

"I was out in India in a lonely part when suddenly I found myself being stared in the eyeball by a fierce and hungry tiger. And I had no weapon of any kind with me."

"Good gracious! What did you do?"

"Well, I reckon I did a mile in ten minutes!"

"You're a good romancer. Do you read much?"

"Oh, yes; I do a lot in that line, old sport!"

"And who is your favourite author?"

"My gov'nor. He signs all my cheques!"

"By the way, do you sleep with your mouth open?"

"I've never noticed, old chap. But I'll look to-night when I'm asleep."

"I say, how do you explain this? If I stand on my head the blood instantly rushes to my head. But it doesn't rush to my feet when I stand upright in the ordinary manner."

"No, of course not. For one thing, your feet aren't empty!"

"That's nasty. I'll give you a poser out of revenge. Is the world round?"

"Call that a poser? Of course it's round."

"Then how can it come to an end?"

"Good! Now, I've got a poser for you. Why are guide books like a pair of handcuffs?"

"Can't say."

"Because they're for tourists!"

"Ha, ha! That reminds me of something that has nothing whatever to do with it! What would you do if you received such a fright that your hair turned white?"

"I'm sure I should dye!"

"I believe that you reside in this town?"

"That is perfectly true."

(Continued in next column.)



MONA MONTGOMERIE,

Featuring as "Polly" in "When Jack Comes Home From Sea."

(Goodness knows when it will be released!)

THAT HOUSING REFORMER.

He wouldn't pay an architect,
It was a simple waste;
He'd go ahead and just erect
A house to suit his taste.
He did, and now the neighbours find
A cause to stop and grin,
Because the juggins quite forgot
To put a chimney in.

"Have you lived here all your life?"

"No, not yet!"

"But have you noticed one thing peculiar about the place? We always have a west wind here."

"My dear fellow, that's absurd! I noticed as I came in that the wind was blowing from the east."

"Ah, that's the west wind coming back, old sport!"

"By the way, are you going to Brighton next week?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then let me give you a word of advice. Don't try for the twelve-forty train."

"You alarm me! Why not?"

"Because it's twenty to one if you catch it! Tooodle-oo!"

TALES OF STAGELAND.

By MURDOCK STIMPSON.

Illustrated by the Author.

THE stage is packed with little unrehearsed incidents; indeed, some seem almost unbelievable to the outsider, who only sees the actresses and actors from afar.

In the company of a drama, at one time, was the most dreamy actor I ever met. Nothing seemed to ruffle him, and it was the rarest sight to behold him in a flurry. He was a most versatile artiste, and delighted in balancing cigarette papers upon his nose at every available opportunity. In the wings it was nothing unusual to see him standing with the rice paper standing bolt upright on his nose, and at his cue see it flutter away as he made his entrance.

He used this trick to amuse any of the various landladies' children on spec of getting the right side of their mothers and getting a cheap bill at the end of the week.

When he was not spending his spare time in this way he would loll against anything that happened to be handy.

One night, having a fairly long wait, and not wishing to go up to the dressing-room, owing to the usual attraction being absent—viz., the sparkling nectar of the hop—he lolled against the off-end of a flat that had not been firmly fixed, and closed his eyes. He weighed somewhere about fourteen stone. The next second his eyes flew open wide, as, losing his balance, he fell backwards after the flat, which had made up its mind to shift on its own. Both landed on the stage in the midst of a marriage service scene, causing uproarious mirth among the audience.

One night he surpassed himself, but the surprising thing was that whatever he did wrong seemed more or less like a pure accident.

A friend had come round to see him in the he was in fine humour. No signs of closing eyes he was in fine humour. No signs of closing eyes now; he was giving a great rendering of his part—no doubt to impress his friends (some of whom were in front) what a great tragedian he was and how wrongly the caste had been chosen in not placing him in the title role. He was really going great getting applause where he had never scored before.



As the final scene opened he was in his dressing room. So carried away was he by the applause and the generosity of his friends—who had procured fresh supplies of gargles—that for the life of him he could not balance the piece of paper on his nose when he tried. Calmly sitting down, he grew quite serious over the matter.

Suddenly a cry rang out for him from several voices—"Come on—stage wait!" Jumping up, he seized a hat and dashed from the room.

The scene of the drama was placed in the Middle Ages—ruffles, tights and trunks, heavily-spurred boots, armour and breastplates being worn.

The only bit he did in this last act was to kill the wastrel king. On to the stage he dashed, sword in hand. The door was supposed to have been forced open by his troopers, who had arrived to the clatter-clatter of coconut shells being banged against the wall.

"Ah, ah!" he had time to say, as he faced the trapped monarch. Then the audience roared with laughter.

The poor monarch was too convulsed with mirth to raise his sword, and so was run through the armpit, falling back on a couch, whilst the audience laughed more than ever.

In his haste, and I believe it was the first time he had ever rushed, he had taken his outdoor bowler in mistake for his plumed hat as he dashed from the dressing-room, and there he was, with it stuck on his head at an acute angle, in the garb of the Middle Ages in the centre of the stage!

Lord Bob's Weekly Indiscretion.

Other day, dear chappies, I was emerging from the portals of the Gorgeom Palace Hotel, after making of tea and music, when I noticed that a smartly-dressed girl was standing in the way.

Whether it was the influence of spring or the fact (to say nothing of the music), I can't say; but something impelled me to pass a harmless, innocent remark to the young lady in question (who seemed to look as though she wouldn't object to a casual conversation) to the effect that it was lovely weather for the young turnips, or words to that effect.

In a very short space of time, dear chappies,—in fact, about one and a half seconds—I realised that I had "backed a loser." The girl let me have it straight from the shoulder. Asked me how I dared to speak to her, said that she had half a mind to have me put in the clink, and to ram her umbrella down my throat to teach me manners. All of this, and some more, in tones that were anything but whispers.

In fact, dear chappies, a perfect vixen, a real tartar of the Tartary. Couldn't have slanged me worse if I had been trying to rob her of her watch or her reputation.

I decided to beat a hurried retreat, dear chappies. No good prolonging a conversation of that sort. So amid the grins and the jeers of the vulgar mob I bent it, deciding that I wouldn't take tea (or anything else) in the Gorgeom Palace for a little while.

I had hardly got clear of the spot before I ran into Reggie Swanke, who promptly pulled me up and asked me to come and have tea at the Gorgeom Palace. Now, if there's one man in this town I detest it is Reggie Swanke, who is always blowing off "hot air" about the multitude of girls who are hopelessly mashed on him, and most people who know Reggie feel the same.

It was thus that a sudden bright notion hit me in the think tank.

I told Reggie that I was frightfully sorry I couldn't tea with him, having to buzz back to the club, and I whispered to him confidentially that there was a spiffing girl standing in the doorway of the Gorgeom Palace.

"I've just been talking to her, Reggie," I said, "and I tell you I was jolly sorry I couldn't stop. She's real mustard." (N.B.—She was, wasn't she?) Reggie's ears pricked up like a terrier's. He



THE BOSS: Don't you know when we start work here?

THE LAGGARD: No, sir; they're always at it when I come!

only stopped to ask, "What's she like?" and then he jazzed off at about 20 m.p.h. And I decided that, come what might, I must manage to get a look at Reggie. It seemed too good to be missed. I therefore stole after him, and a few moments later, from the shelter of a convenient doorway, I managed to get a beautiful view of Reggie lifting his hat with a killing smile, and—

Poor old Reggie! After being banged on the head with an umbrella, kicked by a Commissionaire, he only saved himself from being run in by dropping on his marrow-bones and pleading for mercy. And, finally, the crowd pelted him with anything and everything.

I understand that he's looking for me, but he hasn't found me yet. I've been ill in bed—stitch in the side through violent latture—but when I do see him I shall declare that he must have spoken to the wrong girl.

It'll do dear Reggie a lot of good, anyway.

FATHER WATCHES POINTS.

First Wife: You say brandy is a good remedy for colic, but I don't agree with you.

Second Wife: Indeed? What do you know about it?

First Wife: A good deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once a year, but as soon as I kept a supply, he had colic every day.

A CRY FROM THE HEART.

Overheard not far from our offices.

Diner: Waiter, I can't eat this steak; it's as hard as iron.

Ancient Waiter (imploringly): Oh, sir, do make an effort to eat it. I 'ave to eat fer my dinner wot the customers leave, and me teeth is awful bad!

IRISH JUSTICE.

Mrs. O'Callow: An' how does Mither O'Rooney loike bein' on the jury?

Mrs. O'Rooney: He says it's some'at confin'in', Bridget.

Mrs. O'Callow: An' is it harrud worruk?

Mrs. O'Rooney: Wull, it's aisy enough when he's decidin' phwich soide is roight. phwin only wan is Oirosh; but it's harrud worruk decidin' phwin both soides is Oirish.

TWO REASONS.

The latest device of a Paris paper for attracting readers is the engagement of two eminent physicians to attend gratuitously upon its yearly subscribers. Recently the manager of the paper gave notice to one of the physicians "not to prescribe for X, any more; his subscription has expired."

The doctor replied:

"So has X."

CANDID.

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady home. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel she said entreatingly:

"John, don't tell anybody you saw me home."

"Sarah," said he emphatically, "don't you mind—I am as much ashamed of it as you are."



MAYOR OF HOBBLE-IN-THE-MUD (who has been asked to propose the toast of the evening in as few words as possible): I rise to propose the health of our distinguished guest, General Slasher; but from what I'm told, the less said about it the better.

True Tales of Old London Town.

Queer Characters and Incidents of a Hundred Years ago.

No. 6.—THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

The difficulties surgeons experienced a hundred years ago to obtain bodies for dissection, without which it was impossible to make progress in the art of curative medicine, reached immense proportions in consequence of the natural horror of the populace for what was generally termed "body-snatching."

In 1795 public feeling reached such a pitch that a serious riot took place.

"TWENTY of the parishes of the metropolis and its neighbourhood coalesced to prevent the robbery of churchyards. They set forth the dreadful scene that had just taken place in Lambeth burial-ground. One night three men were discovered conveying away five human bodies in three sacks. In consequence of this, people of all descriptions, whose friends had been recently buried there, assembled on the ground the next morning, and demanded to be allowed to examine the graves. This being refused, a furious contest took place between the populace and the peace-officers, who were soon over-

child had an infant's skeleton to play with as a doll. The committee also stated that much of the human flesh had been converted into an adipose substance resembling spermaceti, and burnt as candles, whilst some had been converted into soap.

"An extraordinary attempt was later made to steal a dead body for the surgeons. In April, 1827, a gentleman of very respectable appearance was proceeding through Russell Square, when he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which caused him to fall down in a state of insensibility. A crowd of persons immediately surrounded him, and rendered every assistance, and ultimately conveyed him to the house of a medical gentleman in the neighbourhood, where, on examination, he was found to be quite dead. The body was conveyed to St. Giles's Workhouse, where, on being searched, a pair of silver spectacles and nine shillings in silver were found in his pockets, but nothing whatever to lead to a discovery of whom or what he was. The parish-officers instantly forwarded information of the circumstances to the coroner to hold an inquest, and caused bills to be printed and circulated, giving an accurate description of the deceased's dress and

governor's room, she, with the most urgent entreaties, requested that the body might be sent home immediately, as his family were in the utmost distress on account of the melancholy circumstance. This, however, was prudently avoided, until proper inquiries were made; and, on being asked for the address of the deceased, she said, 'Mr. William Blackfriars Road.' Previous to her leaving the place, a young man, who had to transact some business at the workhouse, entered, and, hearing that the lady had made application for a dead body in the workhouse, his mind was instantly struck with suspicion, as he identified her as the person whom he had seen a short time before conversing at the corner of Belton Street, Long Acre, with a notorious a resurrection-man as any in London; and he intimated his suspicions to the parish-officers, who determined on being on the alert. The headle and the young man who made the discovery, paired to Blackfriars Road, when, on making inquiry, they found that it was kept by an honest blacksmith, who knew nothing at all of Mr. Williams, or the death of any of his relations. However, traced the applicant to a brothel in Lambson Street, Kent Road, and ascertained that she was a complete adept in such practices, and was connected with a gang of resurrection-men, and that her husband had been transported. This information they imagined to be sufficiently strong to warrant the detention of the woman, until the matter was thoroughly investigated, as it was anticipated that she could be traced, so as to link her with an organised gang of 'body-snatchers,' who have indulged in similar practices with impunity, through the medium of her assistance. In the course of the investigation, several well-known resurrection men were observed lurking about the neighbourhood, no doubt waiting to ascertain the result of their fair colleague's application; and, on being spoken to upon the subject, by one of the headle, they attacked him with the most violent abuse. It is presumed that, had she gained her point with the parish-officers, by having their consent to take a body away, she would have called in her companions, who were in readiness, and the body would have been consigned instantaneously to one of the dissecting-rooms of a celebrated anatomist, not far distant from St. Giles's, at the west-end of the town.

"But, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary circumstances that transpired in London was this: A poor fellow by the name of John, who used to attend horses, died in distress; and his faithful and affectionate widow, not having the means of burying him, hit upon a notable expedient to save herself the trouble and expense of a funeral, and to "that solemn mockery of woe," by offering his body to the surgeons for dissection. The bargain was soon struck, and poor John was taken away. His neighbours were surprised when they saw no preparations for John's funeral, especially as they had subscribed towards defraying the expenses of burying him; and much more so when they ascertained he was missing. At length she acknowledged she had sold him, saying, she had no idea the "nottamizers" would have given so much for John's body, and that she was sure, her poor husband, if he knew it, would feel happy that he had been made the means of adding to her comforts; "For," said she, wiping her eyes, "he, poor soul, was a kind and indulgent husband!" The neighbours thought this a very strange mode of showing her affection to her husband, and deprecated most loudly her unfeeling behaviour; indeed, she was forced immediately to leave the neighbourhood, or else, in a short time, most likely, she would have been herself a subject for the 'nottamizers.'"



IRATE STABLEMAN: 'Im a good driver? W'y, 'e couldn't drive nails into snow!

powered. The assailants now rushed into the burial-ground, and began to tear open the graves, when an immense number of the coffins were found to be empty. Many of the people, in a kind of frenzy, snatched up the empty coffins of their deceased relations, and ran with them through the neighbouring streets. The committee proceeded to state that they had ascertained that the grave-digger was the chief robber; and that eight eminent surgeons were in the habit of buying these bodies; that they retained in their pay fifteen body-stealers, and five shillings were given to the grave-diggers for each corpse they permitted to be taken. Thirty burying-grounds had been robbed. The surgeons paid for each adult corpse, if not green or putrid, two guineas and a crown; and for persons under age, six shillings for the first foot, and ninepence per inch for all above that. One eminent quack, who styled himself an Articulator, was proved to have made a wanton use of these bodies, by using the skulla for nail-boxes, soap-trays, etc., and his

person in order that it might be claimed by his friends. The coroner attended, and the jury, after investigating the matter, returned a verdict of 'Died by the visitation of God.'

"Immediately after the inquest a female of respectable demeanour called at the workhouse in a state of the most anxious agitation, and requested to have a sight of the deceased's body, stating that she felt assured that it was her uncle, who had been missing from his home since Wednesday morning last. Her request was, of course, immediately granted, and, on entering the dead-house, where the body lay, on beholding the countenance, she gave a shriek, and exclaimed, 'My uncle, my dear uncle!' and, embracing the body, she caressed it repeatedly, and appeared to be almost heart-broken with grief. Indeed, the officers had considerable difficulty in causing her to quit the place, prior to doing which, she steadfastly gazed at the remains of her 'dear uncle,' and at length was obliged to be supported from the place. When in the

STILL ROOM.

The Weeping Widow in Weeds: Ah, no other man can ever fill poor Rupert's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart!

Consoling Friend: Of course, darling; but you know there is always room at the top.

THE LAUGH IS WITH LAURA.

Laura: I saw Jack on the golf-links to-day. He looked lovely in his plus-Fords.

Jacqueline: Good gracious! You don't mean plus-Fords; you mean "plus-fours." He was not motoring.

Laura: Well, at all events, he was driving beautifully at the time. That's why they call them plus-Fords, I expect.



HAWKER: Any rags or bones to day, sir?
SMITHERS: No. My wife's not at home just now.
HAWKER: Got any empty bottles, then?



A WORDLESS TALE—WITH A STING IN IT.

GIRL: No, SINGLE, please.
BOOKING CLERK: Oh, DO
take a return. I should hate to
think you were not coming back.

THE TWISTED WOMAN

(Continued from page six.)

account for my mother's actions, but cannot help connecting them with these unexplained visits from those strange men. Never before have I felt so much the loss of my father and the want of brothers. I could stand it no longer, and hurried to Baker Street, late as it is."

The girl paused and dabbed her eyes with a fragment of linen, sobbing quietly the while. Homes stood up, and with his back to the expiring fire, looked down with his inscrutable eyes upon our visitor.

"On what day of the week did the last of the strangers call?" he asked.

"On Wednesday on each occasion," replied the girl.

"H'm! and to-day is Tuesday," observed Homes. "Er—by the way, Miss Cardew, do you appreciate a good dinner?"

The girl looked up with an amazed expression. "I don't quite understand you, Mr. Homes. I enjoy a tasty meal, if that is what you mean."

"Sufficiently," murmured Homes, "to appreciate the fact that there is no taste in nothing?"

"I am still at a loss," replied the girl.

"I am a professional man," replied Homes, "and you have come to me for professional advice and assistance. When I am hungry, before I make my way to the Cheshire Cheese for a snack of lunch, I first assure myself that I have got the wherewithal to pay for it. I hope it is not necessary for me to speak more explicitly than that—both Whatson and myself hate talking about dough, but the baker must be paid."

The girl sat up briskly and proceeded to open her handbag. "Of course, Mr. Homes, I understand perfectly, and have come prepared, as far as possible, with your fee. What is the figure?"

As she looked up expectantly, Homes waved a deprecating hand. "Don't speak of fees, my dear Miss Cardew; it will be a pleasure if I can help you. It is merely a little matter of expenses, which I think ten guineas would cover. What do you say, Whatson?"

I was unable to reply, as at that moment the upturned waste-paper basket, which had already given certain warning sounds, gave way beneath my weight, and left me struggling on the floor. By the time I had risen to my feet Miss Cardew had apparently handed over the sum of money, for I was just in time to see a small roll of notes disappear into Homes' waistcoat-pocket.

"Now, Miss Cardew," said Homes, all his langour evaporated, I will give this matter my immediate attention. Call again on Thursday evening, and I believe I shall be able to put your mind at rest."

When our visitor had taken her departure, Homes turned to me with a chuckle, placed a pound note in my hand, and reeled off a list of commodities—including a bottle of the usual brand—which he sent me out for post haste. On my returning, I found him lounging in his armchair, playing an unusually lively air on his old violin.

"I wish we could get a soft thing like this every day, Whatson," he said.

"But look here," I remarked, "what's it all about?"

"Do you mean to tell me," said Homes, severely, "that the problem we have to tackle is not already solved in your mind? It would not do for you to be too clever so long as you are associated with me;



THE MISSUS: I don't believe in your new doctor.

THE MASTER: Why not?

THE MISSUS: Because he didn't tell you to leave off smoking and drinking.



DAINTY DIANA.

More fit for pearls than purlers.

but I've no desire that you should pose as an utter idiot."

"But—" I began.

"No buts to-night!" cried Homes. "Let's eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we try—to solve the mystery of 'The Twisted Woman.'"

The next morning Homes and I might have been seen—indeed, in all probability we were—loafing at the end of Weedon Street, Brixton, both on the watch for the long-haired, slouch-hatted, cadaverous-faced nondescript sort of person with a flat parcel under his arm. After an hour or two, if not three, our patience was rewarded, and we saw such an individual as Miss Cardew had described enter the gate of No. 45.

"Whatson," said Homes, "we will give him twenty minutes. There is just time for a drink; but in case of accidents, I'll have mine first."

With no more words he slipped round the corner, and it was about a quarter of an hour later when a penetrating odour of Scotch whisky apprised me of his return.

"You've taken long enough," I grumbled. "Where do I come in? That fellow will be out in a few minutes, I expect."

"He's coming out now," said Homes. "We must follow him."

"But what about my drink?" I asked.

"That's all right," said Homes, striding forward rapidly. "I had two in case you hadn't time for one."

We pursued our quarry through street after street, caught, with difficulty, the same tramcars as he did, descended close on his heels—so close, indeed, that he protested against it, and examined his leather at the risk of his being run over—and finally we tracked him to the offices of an artistic agency.

"What are we to do now?" I asked.

"Why," said Homes, "see what he has got in that parcel, of course. Wait here."

I watched Homes stealthily climb the stairs behind the object of our pursuit, and then I decided to follow his example. We followed him into a small office furnished with a counter and a typewriter with bobbed red hair. He advanced to the counter and proceeded to untie his package. The typist advanced.

"Oh, Mr. Tubesqueezer," she said, "have you completed the sketch?"

"Yes, Miss Marigold," he said.

"I am so glad," the girl remarked; "they've been round again about it."

"A bit impatient, aren't they? Rome wasn't built in a day, you know. Anyhow, I think it will please them."

With these words he held up several large drawings, spread out like a hand of cards. At the top of each was written in artistic letters—"Try Clear out and Company's Capsules." In the middle of each was a sketch of a woman twisted into a posture of evident agony, her face expressive of unspeakable pain. At the foot of each, in large block letters, appeared the legend: "EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!"

As we slunk down the stairs into the street I said to Homes, "What on earth does it mean?"

Homes looked at me pityingly.

"My dear fellow the first caller on Mrs. Cardew was apparently an agent, which had secured an order from Messrs. Clearout and Co for a series of pictures depicting the sort of misery their capsules can cure. He came across Mrs. Cardew casually and considered she would make an excellent model. He interviewed her; they came to terms; he put the artist on her track; and the grim midnight scenes her daughter witnessed were simply her mother hearing on the quiet."

I was silent for a moment.

"What do you think she would have got for a job like that?"

"Perhaps a guinea," replied Homes.

"Whilst we got —?" I asked.

"A mere ten," murmured Homes; "but it's worth that to set the mind of a sweet young girl like Miss Cardew at rest."

—)o(—

"Well, Johnny, how did you like your visit to the seaside?" said the teacher.

"Very much, miss, thank you; only I didn't see anything of the tinthemis," answered John.

"Didn't see the what?"

"The tinthemis—you know, teacher, where it says in the Commandments, 'the sea and all the tinthemis!'"

—)o(—



PATIENT: I don't think I COULD feel much worse, doctor.

DOCTOR: Tut-tut. Get your wife to play a game of draughts with you on the quilt.

Sloper's Amusement Guide.

At the Coliseum.



PITCHEL AND SCALE,

Well-known Comedian Jugglers, who are appearing at the Coliseum.

At the Alhambra.

The Alhambra, as usual, presents a well-diversified programme. It is headed by Charles Austin and Co. in the latest episode in the career of P. C. Parker, entitled "Parker's Burglary." Mijares and Brother present a novel comedy wire-walking act, and Power and Bendon amuse with their "Mending a Door." Jay Whidden is a violinist whose technique is only equalled by his vivacious and magnetic personality. His rendering of rag-time melodies is quite away from that of any other turn, for he contrives subtly to convey the impression of perfect improvisation rather than the results of practice and study.

A LASS FROM LANCASHIRE.

Miss Beryl Beresford has bounded into fame as a music-hall celebrity. A month ago she was practically unknown. To-day, after her successful debut at the Alhambra, she has been enthusiastically hailed as "A second Louie Freear." Miss Beresford sings some of her songs in the broad Lancashire dialect of which county she is a native. She possesses a wonderful personality, a natural effervescent drollness, and a courageous refusal to shrink from the uttermost indignities of make-up, combined with a singing voice of wide range and sweetness.

SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL PLAY.

"The Cousin From Nowhere," at the Prince's Theatre, is one of the most remarkable musical attractions of the day. The story is quite simple, but the feature is that there is no chorus, and that the play is carried through with vivacity and spirit by a capable company of nine all told.

"THE RAINBOW" AT THE EMPIRE.

"The Rainbow," Sir Alfred Butt's New Revue, at the Empire, Leicester Square, is a bright, sparkling production, which is attracting huge audiences. A leading juvenile part is played by Mr. Clifford Cobbe, who portrayed a West End knut in "The 9 O'clock Revue" at the Little Theatre recently. Mr. Cobbe is said to be the handsomest actor on the London stage.



A CHARMING BALLERINA.

Pre-paid Small Advertisements.

Advertisements are received under the above heading and inserted in "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday" at the rate of Twopence per Word. No display is permitted, and the Publishers reserve the right of declining any advertisement which does not meet with their approval.

The Minimum Charge for any Advertisement is Two Shillings and Sixpence.

J. B. WEDGE. (Established 1800), Manufacturers of Van and Lorry Sheets and Tarpaulins, Waterproof Clothing. Marquees and Tents on Hire. Tackle, Ropes and Twines, Inside and Outside Blinds, Scenery Canvas and Stage Cloths, Gauze Business Signs, Mats and Matting, Banners, Decorations and Flags of All Nations.—Note the Address—238, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17. Telephone: Hop 1015.

BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.—Use Wareham's Exercisers and Developers. Obtainable at all athletic outfitters.

PORTRAITS (by an expert Artist and Academy Exhibitor) REPRODUCED FROM ANY PHOTOGRAPH in Water Colour. Any size quoted up to and including 20in. by 16in. All pictures guaranteed perfect likenesses, and highly and artistically painted. Send P.O. (10s. 6d.) and photo, with full particulars, to—J. PICKERING, 433, Norwood Road, S.E.27. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

JACK LEVY, F.O.S., will be pleased to meet all members and friends of "The Sloper Club" at "The Noah's Ark," Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

A NEW "POLLY."

Miss Winifred O'Connor, who plays "Polly" in the Chelsea Palace production of Gay's Opera, has played several leading roles at the Old Vic., and has appeared as Marguerite in "Faust" with Rosing.

THE PROVINCES SENDS ITS BEST.

London will soon have an opportunity of seeing one of the most charming and talented actresses on the Provincial stage in the person of Miss Edith Loraine.

A Versatile Actress.

This versatile lady has played over 370 parts in 65 plays. Wherever she appears in the Provinces, her genius, her elemental force, and passion brings the audience to her feet. Now her appearance on the Variety Stage at the London Halls will appeal to the wider public of the Halls as much as the legitimate stage.

YOUR POWDER PUFF ALWAYS HANDY.

Ladies find the "LA MIRETTE" **WRISTLET POWDER PUFF CASE AND MIRROR** indispensable at dances, parties, golf, tennis, boating, and the holidays. Worn like a wrist watch, contains powder puff, mirror, and powder. Your Powder Puff and Mirror always at hand. Useful and Handy. Only 2/6 each, post free. Send remittance to **THE NOVELTY CO.** (Dept. 9), Boswell House, Bolt Crt, Fleet St., E.C.

POULTRY
HOUSES FOR 26/-
Write for Illustrated List giving full particulars.
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
TIMBER CO. LTD.
Caledonian Rd., RETFORD

L.V. PICKLE
SPURS THE APPETITE
OBTAINABLE FROM YOUR GROCER
SOLD EVERYWHERE

When Weaning Baby
insist on having

Ridge's
FOOD

60 YEARS
SUCCESS.

Tins 9d. 1/6
3/- and 6/-

RATSTICKER
TRADE MARK
The non-poisonous Rat and Mouse Catching Device.
On Sale at leading Chemists & Stores
Full instructions and descriptive pamphlets.
Tins each 1/-, 1/9 2/6
or from Sole Manufacturers
(post free, 1/4, 2/3, 3/3.)
B. WINSTONE & SONS, Ltd.,
100/101, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

Please mention this Paper when replying to Advertisers.

Sloper's Amusement Guide.

Advertising Rates - - Six Lines Five Shillings.

ALHAMBRA. GRAND VARIETIES.
Daily, 2.30, 6.10, and 8.45.
Programme changed weekly.
Prices, 5s. to 9d., plus tax. Gerr. 5084.

COLISEUM. GRAND VARIETIES.
Twice Daily, 2.30 and 7.45.
Ger. 7540.

CRITERION. Nightly, 8.30; Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30
Miss Mary Moore and Miss Sybil Thorndike
present
ADVERTISING APRIL.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Gerr. 813.
THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY.
Marie Tempest.

Evenings, 8.30; Mat., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
Gerr. 2780.

Jose Collins in
THE LAST WALTZ.
Nightly, 8.15; Mat., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICTURE THEATRES. Kingsway.
STOLL PICTURE THEATRE.
Daily, 1.45 to 10.30 (Sundays, 6 to 10.30).
Programme changed twice weekly.

NEW GALLERY Regent St.
Continuous Daily, 2-11 (Sundays, 6-11).
Prices, 1s. 3d. to 5s. (incl.).



IN all kinds of Washable Embroidery, whether all white as in dainty Lingerie, or in decorative coloured work, "ANCHOR" THREADS are best to use. They are silky, smooth and strong; are in every degree of fineness necessary; are ready in all colours; are fadeless; and are procurable at all Drapers and Needlework shops, with transfers, patterns and leaflets of instruction.

Clark's "ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number

COTON A BRODER
STRANDED COTTON
FILOSHEEN

VELVENO
FLOX
FIL D'ECOSSE

FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by

CLARK & CO LTD
PAISLEY

